collated & perfect.

The LOVES OF MARS & VENUS.

A Play set to Musick.

As it is Acted at the

New Theatre,

IN

Little Lincolns Inn-fields.

By His Majesty's Servants.

First Edition.

Written by Mr. *Motteux.*

Fabula narratur toto notissima Cœlo. Ovid.

LONDON,
Printed, and are to be sold at the *New Theatre*, in *Little Lincolns-Inn-fields.* 1696.

TO THE HONOURABLE Collonel Codrington.

SIR,

I Cannot more effectually enforce the Moral of this Piece which expoſes the Frailty of a Warrior, than by prefixing to it the Name of one who with the Bravery and Gallantry of *Mars* has no allay of his Vices: And as among the few living Exemplars of ſuch unſullied Vertue I know none more univerſally, nor more juſtly allow'd than your ſelf, I muſt appeal from your Sentence to all the world, ſhould your Favorite Modeſty byaſs you to condemn the Neceſſity of this Addreſs. While ſo many of our Youth are neglectful of their Anceſtors Glory and their own, and indeed of every Thing but Effeminacy or Libertiniſm, 'tis fit we ſhou'd ſet before their Eyes not only the Deformities with which they are familiar, but the Beauties to which they are Strangers, that they may at once be ſham'd into a Loathing of the one, and charm'd into an Admiration of the other. This wou'd require a Panegyrick rather than an Epiſtle, if ſtudied Ornaments often injurious to prevailing Charms, were not as prejudicial

to convincing Truth, which is moſt engaging in its innocent Nakedneſs, at which it needs not bluſh, ſince it never fell like man To thoſe that know you, your Name alone will imply more than the beſt Oratory could diſplay, and even an imperfect account of your Excellencies will ſeem almoſt incredible to others. You ſet out ſo ſoon and ſo vigorouſly for the Race of Glory, that in your early Morn we ſee you gain the Prize. Thus even at thoſe years when others of your Birth and Fortune made no other uſe of the opportunities they had to improve their minds but to impair 'em, the general ill Example could not affect you, unleſs it were with Compaſſion; you deſpis'd their falſe Pleaſures for the chaſt Love of that *Celeſtial* that *Alma Venus* of *your own* Lucretius, and that ſublime Truth of your admir'd *Malebranche*. You even then reapt the Muſes Laurels, as now you do thoſe of *Mars*, while your brave Father in the New-world was gaining a Name that ſpreads over the old, as yours now flys from the one to the other. The World with amazement ſaw you ariſe in full Glory, and reconcile Qualities thought almoſt incompatible; at once a nice and impartial Critic, yet a polite and excellent Maſter of Fancy; a Man of Wit and Converſation, yet a Reſpecter of ſacred things; a Courtier, yet the beſt of Friends; a forward Soldier, yet a good Officer; and in ſhort a profound Scholar, yet a fine Gentleman. Such partly *Ceſar* was; thus he exerted the Writer and the Hero; but with this difference, he fought to enſlave his Country, you to free Yours: and 'twas but juſt that as your Studies have advanc'd you to an honourable Poſt among the Learned, ſo your Courage ſhou'd give you one among the Brave, that you might be at once a ſingular Honor to either Station; the more, as you ſeek

no

no other Benefit from both, but that of doing the more good to men of both Profeſſions. For, far from being like thoſe whoſe Pleaſures engroſs their Youth and Wealth, you cannot be happy with yours, unleſs it makes others ſo; and I could inſtance ſome whoſe needy Modeſty has found it ſelf unexpectedly reliev'd by you, without being expos'd to any other Bluſhes than what ſo ſurprizing a Generoſity could raiſe. I know Sir, you wou'd have your Bounty conceal'd; but pardon me if I ſay, 'tis too often imploy'd, not to be diſcover'd; beſides it acts in ſo obliging a manner, that 'tis a pain to a grateful Spirit to conceal it; inſomuch that he foregoes the Pride which waited on his Want, to own favours that humble him, if it can humble a man to be reliev'd by you: For my part, I am ſo far from thinking that poſſible, that I have long been ambitious of having this opportunity of owning my ſelf,

S I R,

Your moſt devoted,
moſt Obedient, and
moſt Oblig'd Servant,

P. Motteux.

PREFACE.

THis *Muſical Play or Maſque was written to be inſerted into a very ſhort Farce written by Mr.* Ravenſcroft, *called* The Anatomiſt, or the Sham Doctor; *without any other Expectation than that of being ſerviceable to my Friend. For I am too well acquainted with that way of Writing, and my own Incapacity, to aim at Reputation by it. The Rhimer here muſt ſacrifice that to the Muſician, or rather to the Audience's Ear, if there be any Reputation to be challeng'd from Trifles of this Nature. I choſe a ſubject never manag'd in a Dramatic way before; tho gallantly handled by* Ovid, *from whom I borrow'd it, as I have a couple of Songs from my ſelf, formerly inſerted elſewhere. I was prevailed with to bring in a Song and Dance of* Cyclopes, *tho I knew there is one in* Pſyche, *borrowed almoſt verbatim from* Moliere's, *as he borrow'd his from an old* Italian *Opera called* Le Nozze de gli Dei; *but mine is wholly different, which was more difficult than to have invented another. Whatever the Critics may think of the Lines, if any will honor them ſo far as to find faults with 'em, I dare aſſure, from the little judgment I have, and much more from the general approbation of the beſt Judges, there has not been more agreeable, nor more maſterly Muſic perform'd upon our Stage. The two great Compoſers having, as it were, nobly ſtrove to outdo one another, and thus excell'd even themſelves.*

By reaſon of the Symphonies and Repetitions ſome Lines are left out in the Singing, which may eaſily be known by the Marks prefix'd, and paſt over, when the Muſic is performing.

DRAM-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

In the Introduction or Prologue.

Erato, the Muse that presides to Love Songs, *&c.* Mrs. *Hodgson.*
Thalia, the Muse that presides to Comic Sports, Mrs *Perrin.*
Terpsichore, the Muse that presides to Dancing, *&c.* Mrs. *Ayliff.*
Chorus of Singers and Dancers their Followers.

In the Play.

Mars	Mr. *Bowman.*
Vulcan,	Mr. *Reading.*
Gallus, (*Mars*'s Pimp, design'd for Mr. *Dogget*)	Mr. *Lee.*
Cupid,	*Jemmy Laroche.*
Brontes, }	
Argus, } Cyclopes.	
Steropes, }	
Pyrachmon, }	
Fear, }	
Anger, } *Mars*'s Attendants.	
Noise, }	
Chorus of Cupids.	
Chorus of Warriors, some of 'em Dancers.	
Jupiter.	
Momus (with other Gods only seen)	Mr. *Sherburn.*
Venus,	Mrs. *Braceglrdle.*
Aglaia, one of the Graces,	Mrs. *Hodgson.*
Enphrosyne, another of the Graces,	Mrs. *Ayliff.*
Hora, one of the Hours that wait on *Venus*,	Mrs. *Perrin.*
Juno, (with other Goddesses only seen)	
Four of the Cyclops Wives that dance.	
Jealousy,	Mrs. *Hudson.*

Prologue spoken by Mr. Betterton.

To day expect no Pageant Decoration,
This Lord May'rs Show began the Reformation:
Yet is our Entertainment odd and new;
We've in our Show the First of Cuckolds too:
And what we call a Masque some will allow
To be an Op'ra, as the World goes now.
So is your poysoning Quack miscall'd a Doctor,
And your worst Mimick calls himself an Actor.
So your dull Scribbler (to our Cost we know it)
Writes a damn'd Play, and is misnam'd a Poet.
Once Song and Dance cou'd buoy up want of Thinking,
But now those Bladders can't prevent its Sinking:
Plays grow so heavy, that those helps are vain;
Three times they rise, and never rise again.
Well, if our Neighbours the Precedence claim,
For good dull Stuff we'll not dispute with them.
Our Medley is perhaps as much too light,
But let it pass——We don't take Money yet by weight.
By Sympathy, 't shou'd please the Beaux, I know,
For in all things an Op'ra's like a Beau.
Both Beau and Op'ra on the Stage are seen;
Both odd in Dress, and shifting still the Scene;
Each dances, sings, and moves like a Machine.
To be admir'd, 'tis at a vast Expence;
It loves soft words, but cares not much for Sence;
For by its Nature 'twas design'd for Show;
Why, 'tis an Op'ra but to dress a Beau.
But one unlucky difference stands between;
Op'ra's are paid, but Beaux pay to be seen,
(Those who don t come to sharp an Act I mean)
For your own sakes, we beg Applause of you;
Since 'twill revenge you on the Scribbling Crew.
For, if this takes, strait cry's each senceless Elf,
Dem me, I'd write as well as this my self.
With that he writes a thing, which we refuse,
Then, wondring how we durst affront his Muse,
Strait in a huff he gives it t' other House;
Who either slight it, or 'twill be its Lot
To get as much as their last Op'ra got,

Epilogue ſpoken by Mr. *Bowen.*

Good People! ſave the Body of our Play,
From thoſe who to diſſect it Yonder ſtay;
Like Surgeons on an Execution day.
Ev'n e're it dyes they'll mawl it, I'm afraid;
And you'd think't hard, like me, in ſuch a dread,
To be diſſected, e're you're hang'd, and dead.
The fear of this our trembling Scribbler kills;
I dare ſay they've no need to take my Pills.
Pray ſpare 'em: Learn of Vulcan *to forgive;*
Or elſe, egad, few Plays or Wives will live.
Ev'n he, methinks, too late his wrath did ſmother,
Here, Wives and Husbands keep not ſuch a pother,
But fairly ſtrive t' out-Cuckold one another.
Why, ſhou'd all dye that follow th' Occupation,
Oonds! 'twere the way to cut off half the Nation.
Beſides, Horns are not ſeen; ſhou'd they appear,
Gadſooks, yon Place wou'd ev'n outborn Horn-Fair.
You'd ſee your Surly Dons toſs *their Bull's Feathers,*
And your tame poor Contented bleat *like Weathers.*
Lewd rakiſh Husbands, butt *with Goatiſh Horns,*
And half-made Cuckolds with an Unicorn's.
Now as all have to Cuckoldry a Call,
So will the Curſe of ſcribling on you fall;
'E gad theſe Times make Poets of us all.
Then do not damn your Brothers of the quill;
To be reveng'd, there's hope you'll write as ill.
For nere were ſeen more Scribes, yet leſs good writing,
As there nere were more Soldiers, yet leſs Fighting.
Both can do nothing if they want ſupplies.
Then aid us; and our League its neighbouring Foes deſies;
Tho they brib'd lately one of our Allies.
Sure you'd not have us, for want of due pittance,
Like Nicompoops ſneak to them for admittance.
No; prompt by you our fears and dangers ceaſe,
Here ſtorm, tho Wealth decay, and Foes increaſe,
We'll bravely tug for Liberty and Peace.

The

PROLOGUE, or Introduction.

Set to Muſick by Mr. *Finger*.

Perform'd after the Prologue that is ſpoken.

The Overture: A Symphony of Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, Violins and Hautbois.

Scene the *New Theatre*.

Erato, Thalia, *and* Terpſicore, *with their Attendants on both ſides the Stage, are diſcover'd.*

Accompaniments of Inſtruments.

Erato.

COme, all, with moving Songs prepare
To Charm the Witty and the Fair!
Ye Trumpets ſoftly breathe, or ceaſe!
Love may in *Britain* raiſe a War,
But 'twill be ſweeter far than Peace.
Chorus repeats the foregoing Stanza.

One of Erato's *Followers.*

I.

Love alone can here alarm us,
And he only ſtrikes to charm us.

Gazing,

Gazing, liking, and admiring,
Firing, panting, and deſiring,
Fearing, daring, trying, flying,
Feigning, preſſing, faint denying,
Still reviving, fierce Delights;
This is Love, and theſe his Fights.

Ritornel of Flutes.

II.

Eager Kiſſes,
Fiery Glances,
Balmy Bliſſes,
Melting Trances,
Kind Complying,
Kinder Dying,
Happy Days, and happier Nights,
Still reviving fierce Delights,
This is Love, and theſe his Fights.

Ritornel of Violins.

Two others.

Love, like War, has noble Cares:
War ſheds Blood, and Love ſheds Tears.
War has Swords, and Love has Darts;
War takes Towns, and Love takes Hearts.
Love, like War, the bold requires:
Love, like War, has Flames and Fires.
Love, like War, does Art admit;
Love, like War, for Youth is fit.

Ritornel of Violins.

Erato.

Scorn, tho Beauty frowns, to tremble.
Lovers, boldly urge your Flame:
For a Woman will diſſemble,
Loves the Joy, but hates the Name:

Her

Her refuſing, your purſuing
Yeild alike a pleaſing pain,
Ever curing and renewing,
Soon appeas'd, to rage again.

II.

'If the Soldier ſtorms and rages,
'Face him with a lovely Maid:
'This his Fury ſoon aſſuages,
'And the Devil ſoon is laid.
'He ne're conquers but by Toyling,
'But the Fair ſubdues with Eaſe:
'Blood he ſheds with hatred boyling,
'But the Fair can kill and pleaſe.
Ritornel of Violins.

Thalia.

To double the Sports to *Thalia* belongs;
I'll joyn Comic Scenes to your Amorous Songs:
To heighten Life's Pleaſures, to ſoften its Cares,
No Charm like a Farce, no Phyſicians like Play'rs.
Ritornel.

Terpſichore.

To treble the Pleaſures,
With regular Meaſures,
My Train ſhall advance:
Some joyn in a Chorus;
While, gayly before us,
Some joyn in a Dance.
Ritornel.

Grand Chorus.

Let Scenes of Mirth and Love,
With Songs and Dances joyning,
The fleeting hours improve,
And baniſh dull repining.
He who thoſe Joys refuſes,
When kindly they invite,
The End of Living loſes;
Life's buſineſs is Delight. *Exeunt.*

While the Grand Chorus is performing, there is an Entry of Dancing-maſters, teaching their Scholars, and making Love to 'em: and a Harlequin mimicking 'em with a She-Harlequin, which expreſſes the buſineſs of the Prologue. This Dance cannot be perform'd, the Maſter who made it being ſick. Another Entry is danc'd inſtead of it.

The

The First Act.

Set to Musick by Mr. *John Eccles.*

Scene a Palace.

Overture. Violins and Hautbois.

Enter Aglaia *and* Euphrosyne.

TO meet her *Mars*, the Queen of Love
Comes here adorn'd with all her Charms
The Warrior best the Fair can move;
And crowns his Toyls in Beauty's Arms.

Symphony of Flutes.

Enter Venus *improving her Dress; attended by* Hora, *the Graces, and others.*

Say, ye Graces, am I now
Fit to make Immortals bow?
Are my Dress, my Face, and Air
Fit to charm the God of War?
Say, ye Graces, am I now
Fit to make Immortals bow?

Hora.

You've been scarce five hours a dressing;
Yet you're charming past expressing.

Venus.

Let me see once more the Glass!
So!——I fancy it may pass.

She looks a while in the Glass while a Ritornel is play'd.

Euphro-

Euphroſine *and* Aglaia.

'Women ſeldom like their Faces,
'Tho they long conſult the Glaſs;
'But, if you dare truſt the Graces,
'You now ev'n your ſelf ſurpaſs.
'And when Beauty's ſelf engages,
'Arm'd with ſuch a Dreſs and Air,
'She may conquer rigid Sages,
'And ev'n the rough God of War.

Venus.

How ſlow the Warlike God I find!
On Love's expanded Wings expecting Lovers move
But ſlow as palſied age *expected* Lovers prove;
Love flags, and leaves the heavy maſs behind.

Fly, ye hours; haſte, bring him here
Swift as my fond Wiſhes are!
When we love, and love to rage,
Ev'ry Moment is an Age.

Enter Cupid, *to the ſame Tune, and ſmiling.*

But when bleſt with what we love,
Ages but a Moment prove.

Beauty's Goddeſs, ceaſe to mourn:
Soon to your Arms,
From War's Alarms,
Your Lover will return:
Your Grief will then be loſt in Kiſſes,
Melting Bliſſes,
You will gaze and laugh and toy:
As gloomy night
Adds Charms to Light,
So Abſence to our Joy.

Ritorne.

Venus.

Venus.

Will my Soldier then be here?
Where was he? come, tell, my Dear?
Chucks Cupid *under the Chin.*

Cupid.

The rough Warrior rov'd a while
In the lovely *Britiſh* Iſle.
Had not I his Flame renew'd,
He cou'd ſcarce have now been here;
For ſuch Beauties there I view'd,
As might ev'n with You compare.

Venus.

Tell me, gentle *Cupid*, how
In that Iſle I'm worſhipp'd now?

Cupid.

There the kindeſt Husbands are,
And the kindeſt-hearted Fair.
Each in *Hymen's* Bonds is free;
And, when Wives with Lovers go,
Cuckolds, not to diſagree,
Thank the Men who make 'em ſo.

Ritornel.

Others, fond of roving Lives,
Love all Women but their Wives.
Painted Beauties there abound;
Nay, ſome Men are painted too:
Crouds are in all Temples found,
But come moſt to worſhip You.

Venus.

Happp Iſle! and happier far,
If thou knew'ſt no other War!

Venus's *Attendants repeat this Diſtich*

Happy Iſle! and happier far
If thou knew'ſt no other War!

A March to a rough wild Tune.

Enter Vulcan *with* Brontes, Steropes, Arges, Pyrachmon, *and other* Cyclopes.

Vulcan *looks about with his Spectacles.*

Vulcan.

Where's my damn'd Wife? hoh! here she stands!
Methinks she's plaguy fine to day:
And this in spight of my Commands:
There's something in't; she looks too gay.

Cupid.

the g rumbling Husband here?
Love no longer then can stay.

[*Exit* Cupid *with his Followers.*

Euphrosyne.

When the jealous Coxcomb's near,
All the Graces must away.

[*Exeunt the three Graces.*

Hora.

Now an hour will seem a day.

[*Manent* Horæ.

Vulcan.

Thou Plague of my Life,
Thou Devil, thou Wife!
Come, tell me, why did you
Dress so like a Crack? you know I forbad you.
Why d' you Patch thus and prink?
What, you're Painted I think!
Why this Head six foot high?
'S Blood and Fire, who am I?

Venus.

My Fool; for what else can that Property b
That's ugly, and old, and ill natur'd, like Thee?

I'll

I'll dreſs when I pleaſe, nay I'll Cuckold Thee too:
What elſe have young Wives with ſuch Husbands to do?

Vulcan.

If ever you dare,
I'll make the World know what a Strumpet you are.

Venus.

Nay, what do I care?
You'll make the World know what a Cuckold you are.

Both at the ſame time in a ſcolding manner.

Vulcan. I'll make the World know what a Strumpet you are.

Venus. You'll make the World know what a Cuckold you are.

Ritornel.

Vulcan.

Join, and curſe the Tye with me,
That confines us to one Bed!

Venus.

Thus at leaſt we'll once agree;
Curs'd be he that made us wed!

[Vulcan *repeats that Verſe three times with* Venus.

Enter ſome Cyclopes and their Wives, at the noiſe of Vulcan *and* Venus's *quarrelling.*

Chorus of all.

Join, and curſe the Tye with me
That confines us to one Bed!
Thus alone you can agree,
Curſt be he, curſt be he, curſt be he that made you wed.

[*Some of the* Cyclopes *and their Wives dance, while the others are ſinging; and in the Dance they frown, jolt, and threaten each other, wring their hands, and kick backwards, and the Women make Horns at the Men.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

The Second Act.

The Music of the Second Act compos'd by Mr. *John Eccles*.

Scene the Garden of *Venus*.

A March, with Trumpets and Kettledrums, and then with Hautbois, alternate.

Enter Mars, *followed by* Gallus, Fear, Anger, Noise, *and a Body of Souldiers marching.*

Mars.

HAlt!

Fear.

——Halt!

Noise.

——Halt!

Mars.

——None but *Gallus* further comes.
Now face about.

[*They all face about, except* Gallus.

——Sound, beat
A Retreat,
Ye Trumpets, and ye Drums.
March all to Quarters; March, and there remain,
Till my Command renews the rough Campaign.

They all march out in Military order, except Mars *and* Gallus, *who stay. The Drums, Trumpets and Hautbois continue the March alternate, till they are all gone.*

Mars.

Mars.

Thou watchful Sentinel of Love,
Gallus, my trusty Spy,
By whom secure in am'rous Wars I move,
And all surprizing Foes defy,
Procure thy Master new Delight;
Go, bring my Goddess to my sight.

Gallus, looking jeeringly.

What if the limping Cuckold's nigh?
I may be bang'd,
And may be hang'd,
And then, god b' y',
Gallus your trusty Spy!

Mars.

No more: I on thy Vigilance rely.

Gallus.

I shall be kill'd——

Mars, *offering to draw his Sword.*

——By me.

Gallus.

——Hold, hold, I fly.

Gallus exit running.

Symphony.

Mars.

Oh! Rival! you must happy be,
You ev'ry day my Goddess see.
Perhaps in vain you sigh and sues,
But you, at least, my Goddess view.
For such a dear bewitching sight,
Who would not gaze away the Light?
Oh! tho I see her ev'ry where,
I too too little see the Fair.

In vain to ſhun her ſight I ſtrove:
Here, in my Heart 'tis fixt by Love.
None can the Charming Image blot,
I ſee her, when I ſee her not.

And who can from her Chains be free'd?
She looks; and Gods themſelves adore.
She ſmiles; then I'm a God indeed.
She's in my Arms: Oh then I'm more!

Enter Venus *follow'd by* Cupid *and his Train, and* Gallus *after them.*

Venus *running into* Mars' *Arms.*

My *Mars*!

Mars.

——————My *Venus*!

Mars *and* Venus.

——————Oh!

Mars.

My Life!

Venus.

——My Soul; my deareſt *Mars*!

Mars.

——————My deareſt *Venus*! oh!

'Now let the World a Truce from Wars and Tumults know
'While *Mars* is here, in Peace below.
'O Abſence, now I ſee
'Unjuſtly we complain of Thee;
'Without Thy Pow'r cou'd I have hop'd to find
'Even Beauty's Queen ſo charming and ſo kind.

My Life!

Mars.

——————My Soul!

Venus.

——My deareſt *Mars*!

Mars.

——My deareſt *Venus*!

Venus.

——Oh!

Cupid, *while dumb Courtſhip paſſes between* Mars *&* Venus.

Come, you Loves, clap ev'ry Wing;
Io Triumph! dance and ſing!

Cupid's *Followers dance.*

Come, you Loves, clap ev'ry Wing;
Io Triumph! dance and ſing!

Mars and Venus.

How ſweet, how pleaſing, when return'd,
The lovely Object whom we mourn'd!
Recruited Fires more fiercely warm,
And Abſence heightens ev'ry Charm.
The Bleſſing that a while was loſt,
When 'tis regain'd is valu'd moſt.
How ſweet, how pleaſing, when return'd,
The lovely Object whom we mourn'd!

Venus.

My Life!

Mars.

——My Soul!

Venus.

——My deareſt *Mars*!

Mars.

——My deareſt *Venus*!

Venus.

——Oh!

Enter

Enter Vulcan, *while* Venus *is in the Arms of* Mars, *and saying* ——Oh!

Vulcan.

So! ſo!

[*He offers to knock 'em down with his Hammer, but is hinder'd by* Gallus.

Gallus.

Hold; Let the God of Anvils know,
My Maſter's Arms muſt be juſt ſo.

[*While he ſings the laſt Verſe, he puts his Arms about* Vulcan's *Neck, and then about his Body and Thighs, making motions to ſhow him how a Coat of Armor ſhould be made to fit* Mars.

Vulcan.

You ſawcy Varlet, I ſay no.
Come, Bully *Mars*, let go, let go!
Your Arms muſt be juſt ſo, juſt ſo.

[*While he ſings this, he takes* Mars *by the Arms, and lays 'em along his ſides.*

Gallus.

Hold, fiery Smith, I mean thoſe Arms
Which you muſt frame for War's Alarms:
Thoſe Arms muſt o're his Shoulders cloſe juſt ſo,
As he now did to *Venus* ſhow,
Only that ſhe might let you know,
He's ſomewhat rough, ſhe ſomewhat tender,
His leaning on her might offend her;
So ſhe cry'd, Oh! That's all.

Vulcan.

——Oh ho! is it ſo?

Gallus.

Now ſince you're come, if you're at Leiſure,
Ah't pleaſe your Godſhip, take his Meaſure——

Ritornel.

Mars.

Mars.

Here *Vulcan*, Arm me, *Cap-a-piè* !
And let my Shield impenetrable be.

Let future Heroes there appear;
Place *Greece*'s, *Rome*'s, and brave *Britain*'s there.
Let *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, *Arthur* meet,
And all their *Lawrels* lay at greater *William*'s Feet.

'*William*, more God-like, and as brave,
'Shall only fight th' endanger'd World to save:
'*William*, my other self shall be;
'Inspir'd by **Themis*, and by me. **The Goddess Justice.*

'Immur'd in Steel now Warriors safely fight;
'But Balls unseen with rapid Flight
'One day shall deal Destruction through the Field:
'*William*, with Breast unarm'd, shall face those fiery [Foes;
'And *Mars* must kindly interpose,
'His Representative to shield.

Here, *Vulcan*, Arm me *Cap-a-pié* !
And let my Shield impenetrable be.

Gallus.

But good your Godship, know,
His Arms must be just so, just so.

Vulcan, *hindering* Venus *from holding* Mars; *who, while* Gallus *sings, talks to her, making signs as if he gave her Directions about the Armor.*

'Hold, I don't like my Wife should feel
'This ample Back of Brawn like Steel.
Come, Mistress, pray, what Business had you here ?

Venus faultring.

I only--came--to--take--the Air, my Dear.

Vulcan.

You rather came to Arm my Head, I fear.

Venus wheadling.

Go, now I hate you, now go to!
And cou'd you, cou'd you think I'd do
As I in jeſt did threaten you?
Go, now I hate you, now, go to.

Dull Fool! had I deſign'd to try,
Wou'd I have told you ſo before?
Beſides, you ſee my Son was by.

Vulcan.

Your Son's a Pimp, and you ———

Venus.

——— ——— No more.

Vulcan.

'Why, ſure ſome Fiend muſt have poſſeſt you!
'Tis but a Month ſince I careſs'd you.

Venus.

'Ungrateful Dear! cou'd you believe
'I wou'd my ſelf and you deceive?
'What with that Fore-head can compare?
'Can any one read Cuckold there?
'That Leer! that Hip, that Heel and Toe!
'What tho' you're old? moſt *Beaux* are ſo.

Vulcan.

'Nay, when I'm ſmugg'd up, I'm ſo comely,
'I know you cannot think me homely.

Mars.

Come, for her Pardon humbly ſue!
Tho' ſhe were not ſo true,

She's ſtill too good for you.
Come; for her Pardon humbly ſue!

Vulcan.

What ſhall I do?
I fear this *Mars*, and love and fear her too;

Mars.

Come, for her Pardon humbly ſue.

Vulcan.

It muſt be ſo, My Deary, Deary!
My Love! my Soul!

Venus.

——————My hate, my Fool!

Vulcan.

Pray, Chuck, don't frown, let me come near you!
Come, 'tis a Folly to repine,
You've had your Jeſt, pray pardon mine.

Venus.

Firſt ask his Pardon as you ought.

Vulcan to *Mars.*

You hear her, pray good *Mars* forgive my Fault.

Mars.

Well, for her ſake, no more of this be thought.

Vulcan

'Now, Dear, a Kiſs in ſign of Grace!

Venus.

'Not till you've got you a new Face.

Vulcan.

'Come, Buſs'e; come, it muſt be ſo!
Venus *after he had kiſs'd her.*
'Piſh, you're ſo troubleſom! Now go.

Gallus.

'Shou'd he not beg my Pardon too?

Mars.

Mars.

'Ah! how ſweet is Reconciling,
'When a loving Pair is ſmiling,
'Free from Spleen or jealous doubt!
'O that we cou'd ſtill be ſmiling,
'ſtill thus kindly reconciling,
'And yet never falling out!

Vulcan.

Now all is well, my *Cyclops* ſhall advance
With their neweſt Anvil-Dance.

Vulcan *exit.*

Mars.

'Let's a while renew our Bliſſes
'In a ſweet exchange of Kiſſes:
'Thus the Lover comes in Play,
'When the Husband is away.

Venus.

'But alas he will not ſtay!
'Soon be gone; but ſoon return.
'Soon? no, I a whole tedious hour muſt mourn!
'I a whole tedious hour muſt be
'Depriv'd of Heav'n, depriv'd of Thee.

Enter Vulcan, *with ſeveral Singing and Dancing* Cyclopes. *They lay an Anvil in the middle of the Stage.* Brontes, Arges, Steropes, *and* Pyrachmon, *the four chief* Cyclopes, *Sing, while others Dance and ſtrike on the Anvil.*

Vulcan.

Come, away; ſtrike and ſing,
Ting, ting, ting, terry terre, terry ting, *&c.*
Let us make the Caves ring,

Ting,

Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting,
While we forge Thunder-Bolts for Heav'n's King.
Ting, ting, ting.

Steropes *holding a red hot Bolt.*

This he'll fling,
Ting, ting, ting.
At Cowards at Sieges, and Atheiſts at Pray'rs.
At a Husband, who by his Wife's Chaſtity ſwears.
This he'll fling, ting, ting, ting. *Chorus of Cyclops.*

At promiſing Courtiers, and Fools that believe 'em;
At poor Rogues that give Bribes, and rich Knaves that receive 'em,
This he'll fling, *&c.*
'At a *Weather-Cock Prieſt* who nere thinks as he teaches.
'At a *Cit* in his Buff with his Heart in his Breeches.
This he'll fling, *&c.*
'At *Beaux* who proteſt they of Favours nere boaſt,
'Yet drink the Fair's Health ev'ry Night with a Toaſt.
This he'll fling, *&c.*
'At *Masks*, who at Fifty wou'd follow Love's Trade;
'At a Female of Twenty that ſwears ſhe's a Maid.
This he'll fling, *&c.*
At a Couple who ſwear that they never repented;
At a Briton who ſays, he can long live contented.
This he'll fling, *&c.*
At a *Ninny* who finds a Gallant with his Wife,
Then begs both their Pardons for making a Strife.

Vulcan.

'How! then I am fool'd I doubt?

Mars.

'No, he jeſts; come, ſtill be ſmiling,
'Free from Spleen, or jealous Doubt,
'Still be kindly reconciling,
'But be never falling out.

The Cyclopes with the reſt joyn in a Chorus, *and Dance, ſtriking on their Anvil.*

'Thus may your Joys for ever laſt,
'The Charms of Peace beſt after Wars we taſte.

The End of the Second Act.

Act Third and Laſt.

The Muſick Compos'd by Mr. *Finger.*

Scene a Grove.

Symphony. *Enter* Vulcan, *and* Jealouſie *behind him.*

MY Courage comes, now *Mars* is gone.
I'll not be Bullied into Patience.
I ſhou'd be jeer'd, ſhou'd he go on,
By Gods, and Godlins, and all Nations.
No, I'll be bold, now *Mars* is gone.

How ſhall I uſe this Rampant Creature?
Jealouſie imitating Eccho——————hate her.
What if I valiantly ſhou'd beat her?
Jealouſie like Eccho,——————beat her.
But when ſhe wheadles I believe her.
Jealouſie like Eccho,——————leave her.

Will

Will ſhe ſtill Jilt my kind Endeavour?
Jealouſie like Eccho, —— —— —— ever.
How! *Eccho!* what am I? ſpeak *Eccho*?
Jealouſie like a Cuckoe, ——.—— Cuckoe.

Symphony. Vulcan, *thinking it to be the Cuckoe's Note.*

Vile Bird, be curſt for thy unwelcome Tongue!
Hence, let the luſtful Sparrow hatch thy Young,
And Cuckoe be thy Name, and Cuckoe be thy Song!
Let Married Wretches dread, yet ſhare thy Name,
Their Wives the Guilt, yet theirs the Shame,
Till Cuckoe ſpreads thro' all the Univerſal Frame.

Jealouſie diſcovers her ſelf.

Symphony. *Jealouſie.*
See, *Vulcan*, *Jealouſie* appears!
Tho' not to eaſe, but raiſe thy Cares.
Still-reſtleſs round the World I run,
To rack the wretched Lover's Mind:
I watch and journey with the Sun,
To ſearch for what I dread to find.
Thence ſliding on a Beam, my Eye
Saw *Mars* with *Venus* looſely toy.
Ritornel.

Vulcan.
Revenge me Hell, new Pains invent!
To plague 'em, all thy Racks I'll ſteal.
No, that's too mild a Puniſhment;
Let 'em both ſhare the Hell, the greater Hell I feel.
Exeunt Vulcan *and* Jealouſie.

Enter

Enter Venus *and* Mars *following her, and* Gallus *and* Euphroſyne *after 'em.*

Mars.

Yeild, my Dear, let [illegible] poſſeſſing
Crown my Love, and Charm my Sence.

Venus.

No, I muſt oppoſe your preſſing
With as gallant a Defence.

Mars.

When Love's Harveſt ſhou'd be reaping,
Will you waſte the Time in Doubt?

Venus.

Ev'ry Town that's worth the keeping,
Keeps a while th' Invader out.
Cheap Embraces quickly cloy;
Eaſy Conqueſt ſeems a Toy:
But denying,
Struggling, flying,
Wanton playing,
Wiſe delaying,
Raiſe us to a Sence of Joy.

Mars and *Venus.*

Love's a Hawk, and ſtoops apace:
We all hurry
For the Quarry,
Tho' the Sport ends with the Chace.

Ritornel. [*Exit* Venus *and* Mars *after her.*

Gallus to *Euphroſyne.*

Come Child, let us kiſs, hang dull ſilly wooing,
'Tis time, like our Betters, we two ſhou'd be doing.
Kind Fate ſtill aſſigns, as a Cuſtom that's common,
To the Miſtreſs, the Maſter, the Man to the Woman.

Euphro-

Euphroſyne.

Be ſtill, I hate your wanton Play,

Gallus.

Yet on a wanton Miſtreſs wait?

Euphroſyne.

What others can be found of late?
If now we cannot ſtill obey,
See all, hear all, and nothing ſay,
'Twere pity we ſhou'd ſerve the Great.

Gallus.

What, wou'd you have me dully wooe?
I cannot flatter, cringe, and ſue:
Yet if high Love muſt paſs between us,
Come, I'll be *Mars*, do you be *Venus*.
[*Like a Soldier.*]
Dear *Madam*, you're ſo damn'd inviting,
Rot me, I love you more than Fighting.
There cannot be a better ſport,
Than to beſiege ſo fine a Fort:
Your Eyes ſtrange Execution do;
Yet I muſt dye, or conquer you.

Euphroſyne.

Hold, or my Hands will prove to you
Offenſive, and Defenſive too.

Gallus.

'Tis vain, make what defence you pleaſe,
Theſe two white Riſing Tow'rs I'll ſeize.
Gal. Yield. [*Struggles with her.*]
Eu. ——— No.
Gal. ——— ——— I muſt ſtorm then.
Eu. ——— ——— ——— Do, do, I defie you.
Be quiet, nay don't you; I'll cry out.
Gal. ——— ——— ——— ——— I'll try you.
Eu. Do, do, I defie you; do, no Body's by you.

Eu. Hold, hold!
Gal.——————I hold you.
Eu.——————Hold, hold, or I'll fly you.
Gal. I hold you.
Eu.——————I'll fly you.
Gall.——————Do, do, I defie you.
[Gallus *carries her off.*]

Ritornel.

Re-*enter* Vulcan, *having laid a Net by the Couch.*

Vulcan.

My Wife and her Bully are coming this way;
Tho' kill them I cannot, expoſe 'em I may.
Since Chains of hot Luſt, their dark Union have made,
In Fetters as ſubtle they'll here be betray'd.
Ritornel.

Well, let ev'ry Fumble,
Who like me will ſtumble,
Be ſoon made as humble
As I!
And may his Wife fly him,
Or court others by him,
And Fate then deny him
To dye. [*Exit.*
Ritornel.

Re-*enter* Mars *and* Venus.

Mars *very Amorouſly.*

How my Paſſion is encreas'd
With imperfect Pleaſure toying!
I'll no more ſtarve at a Feaſt,
Nor enjoy without enjoying.

Venus

Venus *running into his Arms.*

Ah! my Dear, my Soul, my all!
Thus for ever let me lye!
In thy Arms I raviſh'd fall,
Tranc'd in melting Joys I dye.

[Mars *and* Venus *ſit upon the Couch.*

Mars.

'O bleſs me laſs! th' Almighty Joy
'Will ev'n Divinity deſtroy.
'It ſhakes and labours with the Bliſs,
'And waſtes, and waſtes with ev'ry ſtronger Kiſs.

Wild Muſick. *It Thunders, and at the ſame time, The Net ſpreads over 'em, The Scene opens and diſcovers in a Glory, Jupiter, Juno, and other Heavenly Deities.*

Mars, *rous'd out of his Extaſie, and finding himſelf caught.*

'Hah! am I fall'n from Heav'n to Hell?
'No, ſtill 'tis Heav'n bright Goddeſs where you dwell.
How! trapt in Chains! *Jove* here! Curſt *Vulcan* too!
Ye Gods, what Being ever fell
So low, from high'r than you? [*To* Gallus.]
Dull Spye, by whoſe Neglect I'm caught,
'Turn to a Bird, and by thy early Call,
('Leſt ſecret Lovers like me fall)
'Prevent the prying Sun, and thus attone thy Fault.

Vulcan.

'Here for ever thus remain:
'Strong as Fate is *Vulcan*'s Chain.
'Curs'd be the Pair that brand my Front with Shame!
'Moſt curſt my Wife! Damn, all Adult'rers, Damn,

May

'May my worſt Fires boyl their Salacious Blood,
'Corrode their Fleſh, dry up the tainted Flood;
Prey on their Bones, their inmoſt Marrow fry,
Till they curſe Heav'n, like me, and vainly wiſh to dye!

Momus laughing to *Mars.*

Dear Bully, thou'rt fitted; long may you lye thus!
'Tis ſweet to make Cuckolds; but why one of us?
What's cheaper than Women? Look, yonder appears
A World of kind Wives, and of She-Volunteers!
Not one here but wiſhes t' have been in your place:
Yet, *Vulcan*, thou'rt wiſe thus to ſpread thy Diſgrace:
Thus Jealouſy's cur'd, and Men gladly will know,
There are Cuckolds above, as well as below.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, hah! as well as below.

The Chorus, *Repeat the laſt two Lines.*

Symphony. *Enter* Cupid *with a Train of* Cupids.

Cupid.

Thus all unequal Unions break.
Thus *Hymen* without Love is weak.
But I'll exert my Pow'r anew,
Make *Vulcan* kind, and *Venus* true.
Her Gratitude will ſoon Improve,
And Friendſhip ſhall reſemble Love.
Where *Hymen* wove unequal Tyes,
Love to no higher Pitch can Riſe:

Cupid ſtrikes *Vulcan* with an Arrow.

Venus.

Compeli'd by Love and Fate's reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
We lov'd, we fail'd, your Pardon I implore.

Vulcan.

Well, I'm a Fool! will you do ſo no more?

Venus, Mars, *and* Cupid.

No more, no more, no more.

[Vulcan *goes to ſet 'em free.*]

A March with Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, &c.

Enter the Followers of Mars.

[*Immediately after the Warlike Muſick, Flutes, and other ſoft Muſick, are hear'd.*]

Rouſe, God of War, to Arms, to Arms!

Cupids.

To Love, to Love, to Love's Alarms!

Warriors.

To War, to War, to War's Alarms!

Cupids.

Hark! Flutes are warbling Love!

Warrior.

——————————Hark! Trumpets anſwer War.

Mars.

War, Battles, Conqueſts, Triumphs, Glory, War,
None but he is worthy Love,
Whom the Charms of Glory move.
Cupid *and* Mars *hand in hand.*
None but he is worthy Love,
Whom the Charms of Glory move

Grand Chorus *of all the Voices and Inſtruments.*

Hail! Great Gods of Love and War!
Thus the World's vaſt Empire ſhare!
Cupids.—Glory without Love is vain.
Warriors.—Without Glory Love's a Bane.
Cupids and *Warriors.* None but he is worthy Love,
Whom the Charms of Glory move.
Hail! Great Gods of Love and War!
Thus the World's vaſt Empire ſhare!

While the Grand Chorus is perform'd, several of Cupid's *Followers Dance to Flutes, and other soft Musick; and several of* Mars's *Followers Dance to Trumpets, and other Warlike Musick Alternately; the Warriors strike on their Shields a kind of Tune with their Scymitars, and Dance a Pyrrhick Dance, by Fits fighting off the Stage suddenly, and then immediately the* Cupids *come in and Dance, with their Bows and Arrows seeming to aim at each other, then also go off, and re-enter by Fits, which ends the Entertainment.*

O Read, Sat.y Aug.st 26th. 1793.
The Idea of the Burletta call'd Poor Vulcan seems to have been suggested by this Play, as the Authour calls it.

An

An Explanation of the Fable of *Mars* and *Venus*. Out of Mr. *Motteux*'s Gentleman's Journal, Month of *January*, Vol: 3.

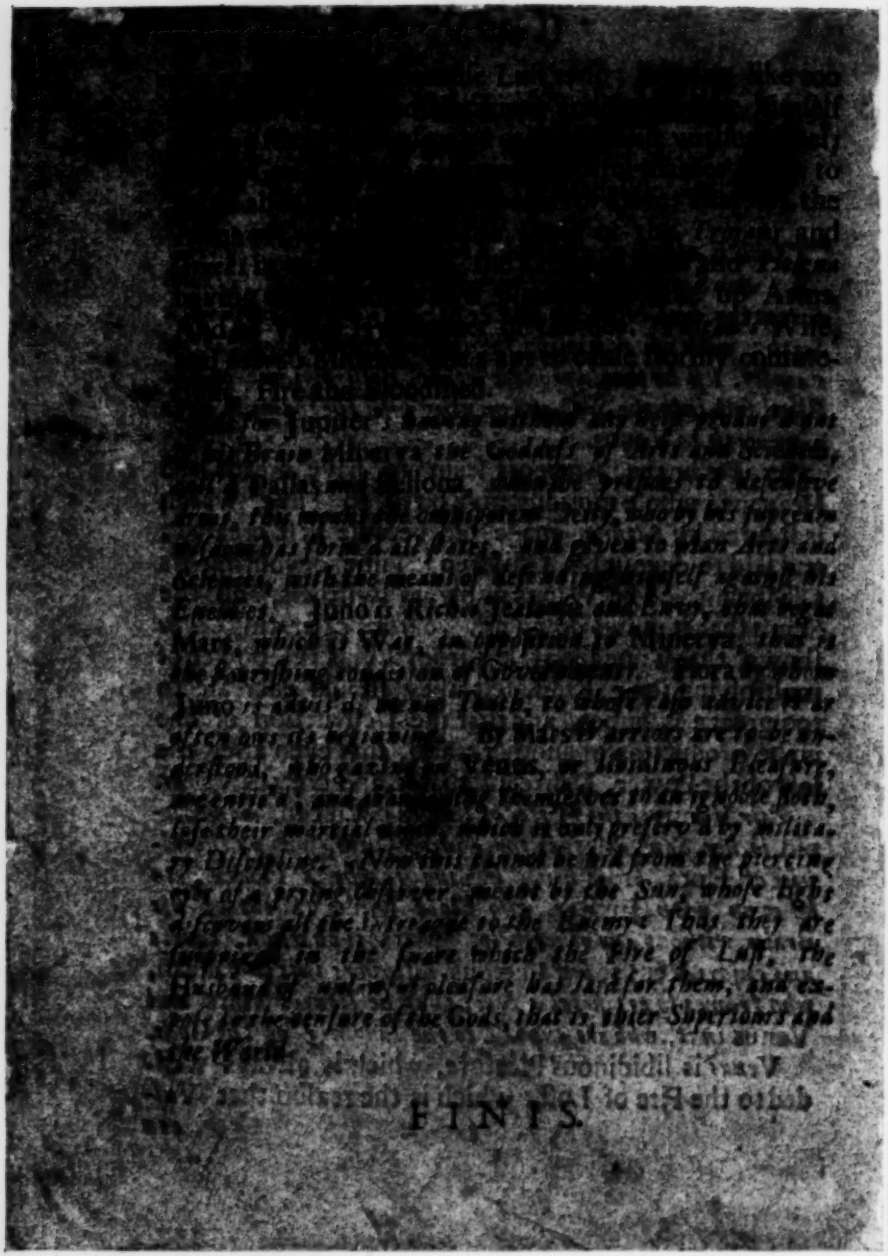
THE oldeſt of the Heathen Gods was Cœlus, *whoſe Son* Saturn *is ſometimes deſcrib'd like an old man devouring his Children, and at others with Wings and a Scyth; with which having ſpoilt his Father's propagating Faculty, leſt he ſhould produce other Beings, ſome of the Blood fell into the Sea, and mixing with the foamy Waves give birth to* Venus.

By *Cœlus* the Ancients ſeem to have meant the Heavens, whoſe motions give birth to Time, which is figured by *Saturn*, made old becauſe firſt created; and ſaid to devour his Children, Time devouring its Off-ſpring. The Wings imply its ſwiftneſs, and the Scyth that it mows down all. *Saturn* caſtrating *Cœlus* ſhows, that Time ſoon takes from things the power of multiplying their Kind, leſt they ſhould encreaſe to too great a Number, and that the Deſtruction of one is the production of another: alſo, that even after the loſs of the Power, Deſire fluctuates, and creates *Venus*.

Fair Venus *is the Wife of limping* Vulcan, *and* Cupid *is her Son*; Mars *is the Son of* Juno, *who by the advice of* Flora, *begot him, having touch't a Flower, to be even with* Jupiter, *who begot* Minerva *out of his Brain without any other help.* Mars *is charm'd, courts and enjoys* Venus, *but* Phœbus *diſcovers this to* Vulcan, *who frames ſo artificial a Net, that he ſecures* Mars *and* Venus *in it, who are expos'd to the laughter of the Gods.*

Venus is libidinous Pleaſure, which is always wedded to the Fire of Luſt, which is the reaſon, that Vul-

can



FINIS.